Behind the scenes! Ah, what a change
From all the front-view glow and glitter!
Strained canvas is the mountain-range,
The god of day's a coarse gashifer;
With tin he rolls the thunder loud;
The monarch's throne a prompter screens;
The King himself, though princely proud,
Chate affably behind the scenes.

Friend Bardolph casts away his nose;
Malvolio lays aside his swagger;
While Tragedy laughs out, and throws
To blithe Burlesque her bowl and dagger.
Fat Falstaff flings his stuffings off;
The supers strut like embryo Keans;
Good-humer turns to snarl and scoff;
Folks change their moods behind the scenes.

Upon the stage and off 'tis so : This fabled tale de te narratur This fabled tale de te narratus.

Each man acts in the social show;
The Truth's full revelation's later.
We play our parts, we strut our hour;
Small space for plaudits intervenes;
Then, summoned by Supernal Power,
We pass indeed behind the scenes.

VIOLET WOOD'S HUSBAND A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

Somehow or other they had become great friends. Not that they were men cast in the same lines, but circumstances—that huge factor in human actions—had induced them to be very frequently together. They had been chums, in a way, as far tack as their undergraduate days at Cambridge, where Andrew Gretton had first got into the way of pouring out his really fine tenor voice to an audience of Elliott Beesly's recumbent figure and meerschaum

Later on, as Beesly came up to town to eat his dinners, the two triends took a suite of rooms together in Gray's lnn; chambers, Gretton remarked, which would permit them comfortably and with becoming patience to await the hour when fame and clients should present themselves.

It was perhaps two or three years after the establishment in Gray's lnn had been set up, that the latter came home one night from a musical drum in an unusual state of clation.

Shut up your law-books, have done with prose, cried Gretten, flinging down his hat. Elliott, my toy, I've seen my fate?

What's that I' laconically asked Beesly without looking up from his armchair.

what's that I laconically asked Beesly without looking up from his armchair.

'My fate! Get out, you fusty lawyer; an angelic being in swansdown, and—Heaven knows what, with eyes that bowl you over. None of your mineing misses, tottering and drooping their eyesnothing of that sort—saperb lines, my dear boy, and such a smile.

'Admired your singing on the property of the statement of the such as my dear boy, and such a smile.'

and such a smile.

'Admired your singing, ch?' inquired Mr. Bresly slowly, as he puffed out rings of pale blue smoke, and watched them rise and vanish into air.

'Well, I flatter myself that Once Again really went off to-night. I never felt in better voice in my life, and Miss Wood is quite a connoissour—knows what's good, I can tell you. I saw myself how she appreciated the crescendo passage, cried Mr. Gretton in clated tones.

'Quite affinities, ich I' continued Beesly. 'Quick work! But these things are instantaneous—like integraphs of days can be seen to restantaneous—like integraphs of days can be seen to restantaneous—like integraphs of days can be seen the seen to restantaneous—like integraphs of days can be seen to restantaneous—like integraphs of days and the restantaneous—like integraphs of th

I should rather put it that it was exceedingly

'I should rather put it that it was exceedingly clover on Mrs. Wood's part to have produced a daughter like Miss Violet,' answered Beesly. 'There is something special about that zirl; there's a fine cut, a nicety about her; she wasn't ready made, nor, I take it, turned out of a mould.'

'Yes, yes, of course; the girl is everything she should be, but my dear boy, the mother; what a mother-in-law! Ye heavens! no, by Jove, I should have forgotten myself long ago, and gone in for the girl, but for the mother,' oxclaimed Andrew. 'By-the-by, old man, you heard what they were saying to-night. They want us to come ever to Paris for Christmas. It's like my luck to have booked my-self for almost every week in January, and to be obliged to go and eat my plum-pudding in Yorkshire. I wish you would run over and look after the Woods; they will want some one to see them about, and take them to the theatres, and you can trot Violet round and see those little French fellows don't get at her.'

don't get at her.'

'We're not sure we want the bone ourselves, but we object to anybody else having it, ek? Never mind, my boy; l'll go over and carry Miss Wood's parcels. Am I to make meteorological reports? Weather fair, daughter calm, mamma moderate, and that sort of thing?

'Of course you must lot me know what is going on, and perhaps I shall be able to run over,' replied Gretton, who always had a hundred plans. 'Did you hear that old fellow Cadbury to-night saying he would go?'

'What, the silent old boy with the whiskers?'

he would go? "What, the silent old boy with the whiskers?" asked Beesly. 'I never know what he does at the Woods; he never speaks, but he is always there. One gets to look upon him as a part of the furniture.' He's got a lot of money,' returned Andrew, 'and has proposed no end of times to Violet, Mrs. Wood tells me. The old idiot hangs round, casting les jeux doux at Miss Wood. Isn't it a capital joke? Ha!

Towards the middle of December the Woods found themselves comfortably ensecuted in Paris in one of the many hotels that look on to the Tuileries Gardens. Mr. Cathury had been unable to leave town; so Elliott Beesly had escorted the mother and daughter over the Channel, and had aircaty written to his friend Andrew, telling hun how things were going arise out of the situation. He bad in his possibly arise out of the situation. He bad in his nature a tinge of old-fashioned chivalry, which he often enough covered and hid away with brussue speeches, but he was at he same time the least susceptible of beings to that emotional side of man that is engethed to be the proximity of pretty women. He all absolutely nothing of the first aloved him being anything of a habits alone, apart from the bent of his mind, habits alone, apart from the bent of his him habits alone, apart from the bent of his him habits alone, apart from the bent of his him habits alone, apart fr

and that in this case the young lady was given in a way in trust. He would have talked for half an hour in the same strain, and convinced everybody, and more than every ody himself.

But our theories are of all things variable—we say such and such things are not, for the simple reason that they have not happened to us.

It was therefore without a foreboding that Elhiott Beesly took up his abode in the Rue de Rivoli, and proceeded to ofter his services to Mrs. Wood and her daughter.

Now the widow was extravagantly fond of French finery, and nothing would satisfy her but an outfit in Paris for the next London season. Dresses she must have at Worth's, bonnets at Madame Verot's; while at the same time she took a childish delight in having her large, geod-tempered person pushed about and carried along—as if on wheels—by the crowd in the Louvre or the Bon-Marche. The worthy lady delighted in bargains, and was wont to buy cab-loads of geods, of which she would make no use, for the simple reason that they were cheap.

Miss Wood was a young lady who preferred her

The worthy lady delighted in bargains, and was wont to buy cab-loads of goods, of which she would make no use, for the simple reason that they were cheap.

Miss Wood was a young lady who preferred her own taste to anybody else's, and perhaps she was not far wrong. She designed her own dresses, had them made up in Baker-st., and had been known even to have invented a hat. She had a peculiar grace of her own that had nothing of the dressmaker's art in it; and, moreover, there was something original in her appearance that never bordered on the eccentric. Shopping in Paris then had few charms for Violet; so while Mrs. Wood was trying on mantles and looking at the latest eccentricity in fans, the daughter was free to wander in the Luxembourg Gallery, or spend a couple of hours with the Venus of Milo.

It was thus that Beesly and Violet were thrown constantly into each other's society. Mr. Beesly could not be expected to take more than a moderate interest in bonnets, and Mrs. Wood was only too delighted for Violet to have some one to "do" the Galleries with.

They had been dawdling one, afternoon in the Louvre, and had come down by the girl's special desire into the sculpture gallery to look at what she declared to be her favorite statue in the world—the immortal goddess of Milo.

'How is it,' cried Violet, as she and Beesly sat looking up at the statue; 'how is it that a great work—a really great work—is always new! I wonder,' she went on, 'how many times I have seen this Venus; yet she always strikes me as much as the first time I saw her. It is of sensational pictures and catching music that one gets so tired.

'You might as well say, why will you be tired of the shape of that hat the day after to-morrow I' smiled Beesly. 'One is a mere fashion; we continually alter the shape of our head covering, but what we cover remains very much the same. A real work of art is, I suppose, the pith and essence of a struggle after what we conceive to be beautiful or true. Look at this Venus now. She aftects us perhaps as much as

gallery out at the other end. It was already growing dusk.

You feel that, too; the wretchedness of knowing something beautiful that is beyond us—out of reach? asked Beesly, turning round to her quickly. How strange and dark her eyes burned in the twilight; how graceful the subtle lines of her figure; how devoid of all coquettishness and consciousness her pose! The dark purple hangings swept behind her, and out through the high window the sun was all red, a-dying in a pinky sky.

She was actually beautiful at the moment, but she was more the that the Elliott Beesly; she was a sweet, breathing woman, who made him feel the blankness of his hife, who opened out a world of possibilities.

have what speciated tem concends passaged. The properties of the control of the properties. The properties of the control of the properties of the control of the properties of the properties of the control of the properties of the proper

Oh, I wonder if he would mind going, said Violet, who perhaps had her doubts 'Do you think Mr. Beesly skates, mamma?' she went cn; 'we must go and get skates this morning if he does, and then we might go this afternoon.' So it happened that, in spite of Mr. Beesly's precantions against what he regarded as a culpable weakness in himself, he started out with Miss Wood for an arternoon's skating in the Bois de Boulogne. In the bright, cold daylight, and in the crowd on the ice, things went off entirely to Mr. Beesly's satisfaction. Violet and he were on exactly the same neutral ground as they had been all the week. But as the sun sank large and crimson into the mist, and the twilight grew apace, Beesly could not help recalling the afternoon in the Louvre. Perhaps it was only the same effect of light.

Violet could not help noticing that his hand trembled, as he helped her into the little fiaere that had been waiting for them. Did he not linger an imperceptible instant as he drew another wrap round her shoulders? Why did the long drive through the Bois and Champs Elysees seem the shortest drive they had ever taken, and why did Mr. Beesly pay the coachman more than double his fare? 'Oh, I wonder if he would mind going,' said

Mr. Beesly pay the coachman more than double his fare?

It occurred to both of them, why?

'Do not light the candles,' said Violet, as they came into the cosy sitting-room where the fire was burning brightly: 'I like the firelight. This is the nicest hour of the day, I think,' she continued to Beesly; and then she threw off her heavy furs and knelt down, holding her pink fingers to the blaze.

What was the madness that kept dancing in his head? Beesly asked himself.

He felt his brain confused, as if there were no sharp line between right and wrong. He felt as if he must throw himself down beside that slim bending figure in the firelight, and tell her he could not spare her out of his life. Then he thought of Gretton, and he turned and looked into the street.

There were the dancing lights of the carriages, the blaze of cafes, as they had seen them just before. A hurdy-gurdy was playing in the road below, and a lounger at a café turned at that moment to speak to a smartly-dressed girl.

Then something seemed to snap in his brain.

'Where is your mother!' asked Beesly in a hard voice.

'Still shopping, I suppose,' returned Violet. 'But

'You don't hate saying good-by more than 1,' he murmured, as he dashed his hand across his face. Then he got up and took possession of her hands.
'There are moments,' he said, looking with a kind of fierceness into her eyes, 'when we cannot with Heaven's help we must try to do.'
The next moment the door was shut and he was gone.

The next moment the door was shut and he was gone.

III.

On Elliott Beesly's arrival in London he was greeted by a thick yellow fog. Driving to his rooms in Gray's lnn, he remembered that he had no time to send word of his coming, so that he was prepared to find Gretton out. Turning the key of his door he found the carpets up, the blinds down, and a general unaired dampness pervading their rooms. Gretton is still away then,' thought Beesly. When shall I get this intolerable business off my mind?

'Make a fire,' he said to the servant. Were there any letters? Yes, a number on the mantelpiece for both gentlemen.

Beesly picked the bundle hurriedly up; perhaps there would be a line from Gretton, saying when he was coming back. Nothing but long blue envelopes—unmistakable bills, and small square spistles from Gretton's train of admirers. Ah! there at last was Andrew's writing.

Gretton hailed from Scotland, and wrote a long letter, describing his various visits, and the invariable success of his voice and acting connected therewith. He ended up by asking after the Woods, saying that, as he should not be in town for another fortnight, Beesly was to say all sorts of imaginable pretty things for him. 'Pretty things!' The letter made him wince more than once. What was the fellow doing comfortably in Scotland, when Miss Wood was coming to London? Would he be content. Beesly asked himself, to be tuning his pipe in the Hebrides while there was a Violet Wood in the south?

He lighted a pipe, and then, with an unaccount-

the Hebrides while there was a Violet Wood in the south?

He lighted a pipe, and then, with an unaccountable feeling of restlessness, wandered from room to room. He lounged almost unconsciously into Gretton's bedroom, when suddenly something on the wall attracted his eye.

It was the photograph of a slim young girl in a white dress. Stuck into the cord that held the frame was a bunch of faded roses. How well he remembered the night that Andrew had begged for that nosegay! He wondered that it had seemed of so little importance then. He unhooked the portrait gently, and as he did so the roses fell all dusty and shivering to the ground. It was a photograph of Violet Wood. How true to life it was! There was her trick of hand-clasp, there her frank open brow, her clear direct gaze in which you seemed to see her very soul. The hair was thrown a little back, and the lips just parted for a smile

'My darling, this is all I may [ever be to you,' he said, and he stooped and kissed the portrait on the lips.

Then he hung it up on its hook and came out and

My daring, one and kissed the portrait on the lips.

Then he hang it up on its hook and came out and locked the door. It was as if he had, just buried the best piece of his life.

The next day, in the more hopeful morning light, he resolved to give himself another chance. Why should he not appeal to Gretton f. He wrote to Andrew and told him all that had passed. He did not conceal for one moment the fact that he was in love with Miss Wood; he considered that he owed it to his friend to be perectly open and direct. He knew, of course, the usiy light in which his conduct might be viewed; but he assured him that he had made no sort of proposal to Violet. Beesly conjued him finally, by all that he held most sacred, to tell him if he were serious in his attachment, so that they might come to an understanding at once.

In answer to this letter came an unmitigated attack from Gretton. He considered that he, Beesly, held het agend a trust, that all intercourse from

inseparable mother-in-law, who was not immachate in the matter of aspiration, and who was liable to wear too much jewelry.

It was, therefore, with a feeling of hurt pride and profound astonishment that tretton read one morning in The Times the following announcement:

'At the British Embassy, in Paris, Violet, only daughter of the late Tobias Wood, Esq., to Richard Cadbury, of Cromwell Road, S. W.'

Mr. Gretton's self-love received a severe blow; but he was not one who sighs long after the unattainable. Violet, then, had married the respectable uiddle-aged gentleman, and before many months had clarsed Andrew managed to shrug his shoulders over the aflair.

As for Beesly, who did not get the news for months afterward, his friends say he has become a changed man. They wonder what could have happened to him on that voyage round the world, or why he sud-ienly gave up studying law. His health seemed about this time to have completely broken down, and new, though nearly seven years have passed, he rarely, if ever, comes to London. He wanders about the Continent, seldom staying long in one place, telling himself that it is his business to forget one incident in his lite.

Perhaps the perseverance with which he pursues this end is suggestive that he is not one who easily torgets.—[All The Year Raund.

THE TWOFOLD VOICE.

A double voice cries in the spirit of Man,
As though upon a mortal stage he saw
Apollo's wailing daughter, crazed with awe,
Change parts, and shout as Clytemnestra can;
For in the blaze of life he turns to scan
The dim ghost-baunted face of outraged law,
And feels the flames rise, and the serpents gnaw
Through the gilt tissue of his hope's bright plan;
And thus the heavy animal part of him,—
Never at rest to pender and rejoice.—

And thus the heavy animal part of min.

Never at rest to pender and rejoice.

Sways, blindly shaken by that twofold voice;

Beneath the axe of Pleasure, void and dim

The dull brain reels, and the vext senses swim,

Or Conscience thrills him with her piercin
noise.

EDMUND W. Gossz.

WINTER LIFE IN VIENNA.

HOME INTERESTS.

THE MARKETS BEFORE CHRISTMAS. WHERE TO BUY GREENS CHEAP-FRESH SHEIMI AND SHRIMP SALAD-PRICES FOR GAME HIGHER

-SATURDAY'S PRICES IN THE MARKET. The markets are putting on a holidar appearance Christmas greens are festooned about the stails; and meat and poultry are dressed up in wreaths of bright green leaves and red berries. The truit stands are a study for the lovers of decorative art, while all about the markets Christmas greens are offered at very low prices. The dealers, however, seem to be holding back their stocks, in order to be ready for the increased demand and higher prices of the latter part of the week.

The fish market is very scantily supplied com-

pared with the enormously overstocked market of a few weeks ago. At the same time it compare favorably with the December market of last year favorably with the December market of last year. The immense catches of blue fish and mackerel which were made during the fall, have made sure of a supply of these fish, refrigerated, at reasonable prices during the very cold weather. Both are now selling at 12½ cents per pound. The only new thing in the piscatorial line is shrimp. Fresh shrimp are now to be found in market, and are soid at \$1.50 per gallon. Since the American people have become better acquainted with salads, these dainty little fish find a much better market than formerly. It would be hard to find fiesh, fish, or fowl more perfectly suited to the salad bowl. Properly or improperly piepared, they are always delicious. But when a perfect mayonnaise dressing is served with shrimps and celery, garnished with lettuce leaves and hard boiled eggs, there is nothing left to be desired.

The markets are full of smelts, and the poorer varieties are sold on the street at 8 and 10 cents

delicious. But when a perfect mayonnaiso dressing is served with shrimps and celery, garnished with lettuce leaves and hard boiled eggs, there is nothing left to be desired.

The markets are full of smelts, and the poorer varieties are sold on the street at 8 and 10 cents per pound. The best smelts, now coming from Maine, are 15 cents in the downtown markets, and 20 cents per pound; salmon, refrigerated, 45 cents. The poorer cuts of salmon are sold in some markets at 35 cents per pound. The rule some markets at 35 cents per pound. The rule some markets at 35 cents per pound. The rule some markets at 35 cents per pound. The rule some markets at 35 cents per pound. Some markets at 35 cents per pound, white perch, 15 cents; Spanish mackerel, 35 cents; green turtle, 18 cents; scollops, 30 cents per quart; lobsices, from 8 to 10 cents per bound; terrapin, from \$12 to \$24 per dozen; frest fish, 10 cents per pound; halibut, 18 cents down-town, and 20 cents in the uptown markets; haddock and codish 6 cents per pound; black fish, 122 cents; flounders, 10 cents; sea bass, 25 cents; sels, 18 cents; solf clams from 40 to 75 cents, per hundred. Beside the shrimps, there are in the line of fresh water fish, muscalonge, red snapper, and bass, at 18 cents per pound; slamen trout and white fish at 16 cents; poundand. Smoked salmon is 20 cents per pound, 47 cents; snowed haddock, 122 cents. Game and poultry are reported scarce, and prices rising. Dealers may be holding back in anticipation of the Christmas demand, but if such is the case it will prouably result, as it did after Thanksgiving Day, in an overstocked market. Chickens are selling now from 18 to 20 cents per pound, turkeys the same; mongred ducks, and geesd, 20 cents; towl 16 cents. Squab are \$3 per dozen, a rise over last week's price of from 50 for 5 cents. Qual are \$2.50 per pair, ellihur last week at \$1.50 per pair, ablits were selling last week at 25 and 30 cents per pound. If these prices of not fail during the present week, the Monday following Christmas will p

There is a slight depression in the prices of measurements, however, is usual during the game and poultry season. Fine roasting pieces of beef are sold in the markets, down-town, at 15 and 16 cents per pound. Uptown the same meat is 18 cents. Lamb and matten average about 2 cents per pound cheaper than they were four weeks ago.

Butter and eggs remain at last week's quotations.

The following menu is intended for Christmas-day, and is so arranged that one or more dishes may be omitted if necessary. Receipts for the mince pie and plum pudding have been given in these columns in the past fortnight:

Raw oysters.
Cream soup.
Fresh cod, boiled; egg sauce, boiled potatoes.
Croqueties of calif's brains with spinnach.
Roast turkey; cranberry jelly and brown sauce; mashed potatoes; turnips; beets.
Venison steak. Broiled grouse. Jolly, Saratoga potatoes.
Celery saind.
Cheeso. Wafers.
Plum pudding. Mioce ple.
Orange jelly. Pound cakes.
Fruit.
Coffee.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Croquettes of Calf's Brains.—Free the brains thoroughly from all abrous membranes, and throw them into cold water with a little salt and vinegar in it. Boil them two or three minutes; then lot them get cold and mash them into a smooth mass, seasoning with pepper, salt and a little finely chopped parsley. Add a spoonful or two of fine bread crumbs, two yolks of eggs well beaten and moisten with cream, put over the fire a short time to set the egg; then let the mixture get cold; roll into croquettes, dip in cracker-crumbs, then in egg, then in cracker-crumbs and fry. Serve very hot around a heap of spinach boiled, chopped fine, and richly seasoned with butter, pepper and salt.

Venison Sieak.—The gridien must be hot, the HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Verison Steak.—The gridiren must be hot, the dish must be hot, and the venison taken instantly to table from the fire. Season the steak with fresh butter, pepper, sait and a little melted current jelly. BEOLLED GROUSE —Use only the fillets or breasts of the grouse. Rub them with butter, broil on a hot gridiren, season with butter, pepper and salt, and serve on toast, with a bit of jelly laid on each fillet.

CELERY SALAD .- MIX with some nice white let

CELERY SALAD.—Mix with some nice white lettuce, some colery cut into short thin slices. Dress
with oil, pepper, salt and vinegar.

APPLE SNOW.—Peel, core and quarter a number
of apples, set them to boil with a little water, sugar,
quantity sufficient, and the thin rind of a lemon;
when quite done remove the lemon rind, pass the
apples through a hair sieve. Have some white of
eggs beaten up to a froth, beat into them the apples puree, a spoonful at a time, until the mixture
is of the consistency of whipped cream, and quite
stiff. Serve heaped upon a dish garnished with
lady-fingers.

Oyster Fritters.—To two or three beaten eggs

wind the second second

often used.

Fresh markerel is essentially a broiling fish. It

Fresh markerel is essentially a broiling fish. It should be nicely spilt and dried, broiled to a light brown on the flesh side, and to a dark color on the skin side, and served with metade batter and parsley. The ish is fattest in September and October, and out of these catches salt mackerel is put up. This may be broiled after soaking in water over night, and is esteemed by New-Englanders as a boiled fish. Then it should be soaked for three or four hours, and served with drawn butter and boiled potatoes.

Shad begin coming into market from Florida in December, and continue until June. Shad from North Carolina in February are excellent, but the best are the Connecticut River shad, which come in April 1. Both are superior in flavor and size to the North River shad, either on account of the water or the nature of the food. Shad may be cooked in any way, but the merits of boiled shad are not fully understood. In boiling, a clean cotton cloth should be wrapped around the fish before it is put into the kettle, to prevent crumbling in removing it. When dished out, the vertebra and most of the other bones can be easily removed. Shrimp sauce is a suitable accompaniment. Broiled or fried shad is most popular with melted butter, and when baked, like bluefish, pork and brown gray should be used.

Planked shad is a favorite dish in Philadelphia and Washington which recalls Daniel Webster's famous "planking" contest with a negro fisherman, when each was so conteous and complimentary as to insist upon awarding the palm to the other. The shad is split, dusted with pepper and spit, a little fresh butter added, and nabled to a prival proper and spit, a little fresh butter added, and nabled to a prival proper and spit, a little fresh butter added, and nabled to a prival proper and solit, a little fresh butter added, and nabled to a prival proper and the summer and the palm of the fish.

White perch, the flesh of which is white and firm, is among the sweetest pan fishes, and should be fried in hot oil or lard to a light brown.

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THE PROFESSOR AND THE DOOR STONE,

From Chambers's Journal.

Referring to mistaken ideas about relies, recalls the story in a German paper about a certam professor, which is a parallel to the Bill Stumps adventure of Pickwick. This German antiquary made the delighted discovery that a stone placed over a stable door bore the inscription 1681. 'I must have this stone in my collection, cost what it may,' thought the savant. Calling a tenant farmer who was the proprietor, the professor said to him eagerly: 'Did you not obtain this stone from the castle ruin on the hill yonder?

'it may be that my grandfather fetched it thence when he built the stable,' was the repty.

The antiquary then asked what he would take for the stone.

'Since you appear to have a fancy for it,' said the farmer, 'give me forty guidens, and I will bring it to your house.'
'Rather a large sum,' said the Professor; 'but bring it to my residence and you shall have the

When in due course the farmer brought the stone When in due course the farmer brought the stone upon a truck, the zealous antiquary turned it over to refresh his eyes with a sight of its venerable chronological inscription, not without anxiety that it might have been damaged in its removal.

'Why.' he exclaimed, 'what is this? This is not the right stone. On the stone I bought from you was the date 1081, while this bearsthe very modern date 1891; which proves that the other was exactly 720 years older than this.

'Do not trouble about that,' said the peasant. 'The Masons, you see, sir, turned the stone upside down when they set it in the doorway, because it fitted better that way. You can turn it whichever way you like; but of course I must have the money agreed upon.'

QUEER REMEDIES.

Prom Chambers's Journal.

At an inquest held at Bradweil, Encks, on the body of a five-year-old girl, who died of hydrophobia, one of the witnesses denosed that two days after the child had been bitten, the buried dog was disinterred, its liver extracted, and a piece of it, weighing about an ounce and a half, frizzled on a fork before the fire until it was dried up, and then given to the child, who are it freely, but, nevertheless, died. Not an overnice remedy, but hardly mastier than magpie-dust, which no less a personage than the Princess Bismarck apparently deems an infallible specific for epilepsy; since, no longer ago than January last, the president of the Eckenfoerder Shooting Club addressed the following circular to the members of that association: "Her Highness Princess Bismarck wishes to receive, before the 18th inst., as many magpies as possible, from the burned remains of which an anti-epileptae powder may be manipulated. I permit myself, therefore, high and well-born sir, to entreat that you will forthwith shoot as many magpies as you can in your preserves, and forward the same to the Chief Forester Lange, at Friedrichsruh or hither, without paying for their carriage, down to the 18th of this month."

Sir Walter Scott's piper, John Bruce, spent a

month."

Sir Walter Scott's piper, John Bruce, spent a whole Sunday selecting twelve stones from twelve south-running streams, with the purpose that his sick master might sleep upon them and become whole. Scott was not the man to hurt the honest fellow's feelings by ridiculing the notion of such a remedy proving of avail; so he caused Bruce to be told that the recipe was infallible, but that it was absolutely necessary to success that the stones should be wrapped in the petitical of a widow who had never wished to marry again; upon learning which the Highlander renounced all hope of completing the charm. Walter Scott's piper, John Bruce, spent

Pleting the charm.

Lady Duff Gordon once gave an old Egyptian

Lady Duff Gordon once gave an old Egyptian woman a powder wrapped in a fragment of The Saturday Review. Sie came again to assure her benefactiess the charm was a wonderfully powerful one; for although she had not been able to wash off all the fine writing from the paper, even that little had done her a great deal of good.

A sea captain, when one of his crew craved something for his atomach's good, on consulting his book found "No. 15" was the thing for the occasion. Unfortunately there had been a run on that number, and the bettle was empty. Not caring to send the man away unconforted, the skipper, remembering that eight and seven made fifeen, made up a dose from the bottles so numbered, which the seaman took with startling effects, never contemplated by himself or the cribbage-loving captain.

ANECDOTES OF CHIEF-JUSTICE COCKBURN.

From The London World.
He was an admirable host, told stories quietly He was an admirable nost, told stories quietly, but with much dramatic power, in a voice the musical qualifies of which I nover heard counsiled; and possessed that rare quality in a clever man, the faculty of listening. He was, perhaps, seen at his best when, most of his guests having gone, he would adjourn with two or three to his library and over his eigar would pour forth his reminiscences of personal history, in which he, during his long and splendid career, had played a distinguished part.

There have I listened to his wonderful story of

be rolled in flour and fried in oil without cleaning, and eaten whole like small brook trout.

Bluefish are in season from May until the middle of October, but are best in September as they are fatter. They are always in demand, especially at summer hotels, as they are available for any purpose. Many are frozen in September for winter pose. Many are frozen in September for winter use, 500,000 pounds being refrigerated in this city in the past summer. They should be plainly cocked, served with drawn butter sauce when boiled, baked with strips of fat pork, the drippings making a brown gravy, and served with sweet model, served with graved with sweet fresh butter and slices of lemon when broiled. Though salmon are in season from the latter part of March until the latter part of September, they are at their best in July, as the regular Fourth of July dinner of boiled salmon and green peas can July dinner of boiled salmon and green peas can July dinner of boiled salmon and green peas can July dinner of boiled salmon and green peas can July dinner of boiled salmon and green peas can July dinner of boiled with anchovy sauce. The fish is rendered too dry by broiling, though this is often done with salmon steaks. It is excellent fried, if kept all night in a bath of sweet oil and fried in oil. It is served at large dinners, and eten freely in the best of John Campbell's face, that Palmer was a dead man.

Feshmon is best boiled with anchovy sauce. The fish is rendered too dry by broiling, though this is often done with salmon steaks. It is excellent fried in oil. It is served at large dinners, and eten fried in oil. It is served at large dinners, and eten fried in oil. It is served at large dinners, and eten fried in oil. It is served at large dinners, and eten fried in oil. It is served at large dinners, and eten fried in oil. It is served at large dinners, and eten fried in oil. It is served at large dinners, and eten fried in oil. It is served at large dinners, and eten fried in oil in the dock, of writing in the habi

campbell was summing up, and looking down to be a gallery into the Court, "I knew," said he, "by the look of John Campbell's face, that Palmer was a dead man."

It was in connection with the Palmer trial that he told me he experienced what he considered the greatest compliment ever paid to him. Palmer was in the habit, as he stood in the dock, of writing instructions or suggestions to his attorney, Mr. Smith, serewing them up into little poliets, and tossing them over to their destination. One of these, which he wrote immediately after the verdict of guity had been pronounced by the lury, was afterwards handed to Sir Alexander Cockburn. It merely contained these words: "It's the riding that has done it." conveying thereby, in sporting metaphor, which Palmer was constantly using, the prisoner's opinion that it was solely due to the Atterney-General's conduct of the case that the verdict against him had been obtained.

He was passionately fond of music, and the leading professors of the art were constant visitors at his house, notably Herr Joachim, who always paid one of his first visits in Hertford-st. after his annual arrival in England, and who was to be found there constantly during his stay. The late Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble) was also one of Sir Alexander's favorite guests; and the sympathetic qualities of her lovely voice never seem to have lost their effect on him. At one time he was a constant attendant at the Monday Popular Concerts; but of late years he had given up going there.

His devotion to work may be estimated by the fact that, after a medical consultation, held nearly two years ago, he was plainly informed that his disease had reached such a point that he might die at any time without a mement's notice. His retirement from the bench was advised by his friends and his medical man; and it was suggested, as an alternative, that he might prolong life by devoting himself to his favorite amusement of yachting and a mild course of literary labor, for the purpose of putting into shape his legal, p

A FANTASTIC PAIR.

From Gatignam.

The Figaro states that two phenomenal specimens of humanity are now in Paris; one is a giant and the other a dwarf. The giant, named Nicolai Simonoff, seven feet five inches high, is a young Russian of twenty-four, who zerved in the hody-guard of the Emperor of Russia during the Furkish campaign. He is one of the one hundred and seventy men who forced a passage across the Danube near Semnitza on the 15th June, 1877, and was rewarded with the Saint-George medal for his bravety. During the war many of his companions fell around him, while he escaped urhurt, and as some people expressed their astonishment at the fact, "It is very simple," he said; "all the shota passed between my legs." Nicolai Simonoff began to grow so enotmously only when he was about twenty; until eighteen he was of ordinary stature. He had married before jeining the military service, and on his return his wire, much astonished to see a giant enter her house as her husband, refused to recognize him.

recognize him.

Princess Paulina, the dwarf, is Dutch; she measures only one foot two inches. The giant holds her on his stretched-out paim. The combination of the two recalls to mind the fantastic story of Gul-

" YES." From Temple Bar. They stood above the world, In a world apart, And she drooped her happy eyes, And stilled the throbbing pulses Of her happy hear.
And the moonlight fell above her.
Her secret to discover.
And the moonbeams kissed her hair,
As though no human lover
Had laid his kisses there. "Look up, brown eyes," he said,

"And answer mine.
Lift up those silken fringes,
That hide a happy light.
Almost divine."
The jealous moonlight drifted
To the finger half aplifted,
Where shope the opal ring—
Where the colors danced and shifted
On the pretty, changeful thing.

Inst the old old story. Of light and shade, Love, like the opal tender, Like it, maybe to vary.— Maybe to fade.
Just the old, tender story.
Just a glimpse of morning glory,
In an earthly paradise. In a pair of sweet brown eyes. Brown eyes a man might well

Be proud to win!
Open, to held his image,
Shut, under silken lashes,
Only to shut him in.
Oh, glad eyes look together,
For life's dark stormy weather,
Grows to a fairer thing,
When young eyes look upon it,
Through a slender wedding ring.

RONNAT IN HIS STUDIO.

This studio is situated in the Impasse Helene, at the end of the Avenue de Clichy. It is an immense room, over thirty feet in height, length, and witth, admirably suited for the purpose for which it is intended, and constructed after hints given by the pupils. The furniture of the ateliar consists, as usual, of a big stove, a "model's table," and abundance of stools and casels. A number of drawings and sketches cover the walls, among them a "study" by Flandin for his Petil Peckeur, an academic "stady" by the master of the atelier, his portrait by Carjat, two "studies" by Coninck a few crayou sketches chosen from the best of the pupils productions, some photographs of Raphael's frescoes, a collection of plaster casts and mouldings, and, of course, the inevitable correle, without which no atelier endued with proper self-respect would think itself complete. A little room adjoining the studio serves as a laval tory, coal-hole, and general receptacle for odds and ends.

The studio in the Impasse Helene boasts in all about fifty pupils, a good many of them foreigners—especially Americans—each of whom pays a fee of twenty france a month. The working hours are from half past 7 in the meruing in summer, and half past 8 in the winter. "Models" attend the studio daily, and are paid by the sitting of four hours with a rost of ten minutes each hour. Female "models" receive the highest remuneration, and get live france a sitting, while men are baid only four. The "massiers," two in number, are intrusted with the supervision and management of the studio. They take the fees, pay the "models" every Saturday, call the roll of names, and appoint each pupil's place. One "massier" is on daity in the morning, the other in the evening, the former being the most important functionary of the two. He bears the rame of De Thirmons, has attained his fifteth year, and occasionally indulges in military painting. Every Monday the position of a limb, the fold of a garment, etc. etc., and naturally enough some process in which they are not be